DOCUMENT RESUME

ED 268 560 CS 209 705

AUTHOR Holbrook, Hilary Taylor, Comp.
TITLE An Exemplary High School Literary Magazine: "Artisan."
INSTITUTION ERIC Clearinghouse on Reading and Communication Skills, Urbana, Ill.
SPONS AGENCY Office of Educational Research and Improvement (ED), Washington, DC.
PUB DATE [86]
CONTRACT 400-83-0025
NOTE 73p.; Photographs may not reproduce well. For other magazine profiles in series, see CS 209 701-720.
AVAILABLE FROM Raytown South High School, 8211 Sterling, Raytown, MO 64138 (Magazine only--profile not included--$4.00 including postage).
PUB TYPE Reports - Descriptive (141)

EDRS PRICE MF01/PC03 Plus Postage.
DESCRIPTORS Competition; *Creative Writing; *Evaluation Methods; Faculty Advisers; High Schools; Periodicals; Production Techniques; Student Evaluation; *Student Publications; Teacher Role; Writing Evaluation; Writing for Publication
IDENTIFIERS *Exemplars of Excellence; *Literary Magazines; National Council of Teachers of English

ABSTRACT

One of a series of 20 literary magazine profiles written to help faculty advisors wishing to start or improve their publication, this profile provides information on staffing and production of "Artisan," the magazine published by Raytown South High School, Raytown, Missouri. The introduction describes the literary magazine contest (and criteria), which was sponsored by the National Council of Teachers of English and from which the 20 magazines were chosen. The remainder of the profile--based on telephone interviews with the advisor, the contest entry form, and the two judges' evaluation sheets--discusses (1) the magazine format, including paper and typestyles; (2) selection and qualifications of the students on staff, as well as the role of the advisor in working with them; (3) methods used by staff for acquiring and evaluating student submissions; (4) sources of funding for the magazine, including fund raising activities if applicable, and production costs; and (5) changes and problems occurring during the advisor's tenure, and anticipated changes. The Spring 1984 issue of the magazine is appended. (HTH)

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AN EXEMPLARY HIGH SCHOOL LITERARY MAGAZINE: ARTISAN

Compiled by

Hilary Taylor Holbrook

"PERMISSION TO REPRODUCE THIS MATERIAL HAS BEEN GRANTED BY
Lynn B. Turner
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INTRODUCTION

In 1984, the National Council of Teachers of English began a national competition to recognize student literary magazines from senior high, junior high, and middle schools in the United States, Canada, and the Virgin Islands. Judges in the state competitions for student magazines were appointed by state leaders who coordinated the competition at the state level.

The student magazines were rated on the basis of their literary quality (imaginative use of language; appropriateness of metaphor, symbol, imagery; precise word choice; rhythm, flow of language), types of writing included (poetry, fiction, nonfiction, drama), quality of editing and proofreading, artwork and graphic design (layout, photography, illustrations, typography, paper stock, press work), and frontmatter and pagination (title page, table of contents, staff credits). Up to 10 points were also either added for unifying themes, cross-curricular involvement, or other special considerations, or subtracted in the case of a large percentage of outside professional and/or faculty involvement.

In the 1984 competition, 290 literary magazines received ratings of "Above average," 304 were rated "Excellent," and 44

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earned "Superior" ratings from state contest judges. On the basis of a second judging, 20 of the superior magazines received the competition's "Highest Award."

As a special project, the ERIC Clearinghouse on Reading and Communication Skills has selected 20 magazines from those receiving "Superior" ratings to serve as models for other schools wishing to start or improve their own student literary magazines. The profiles of these magazines are based on the faculty advisor's contest entry sheet, the judges' evaluation sheets, and interviews with the faculty advisors. Where possible, the magazines themselves have been appended. Information for ordering copies of the magazines is contained at the end of each profile.

ARTISAN

Raytown South High School

Raytown, Missouri

Principal: Clarence M. Cox

1984 Principal: Dr. Robert Atkin

Faculty Advisors: Lynn B. Turner and Sarah Frederick

1984 Senior Editors: Sean Ault, Stacy Overman

Tramelle Chandler and Jan Bennett

"The title Artisan was chosen by the first student staff. It alludes to a definition of the word meaning artist or craftsman. Since the approach to teaching writing is that of a crafting process, the term encompasses both art and writing. The Artisan is a literary and art magazine representing two curricular areas rather than strictly a literary publication."

--Lynn Turner and Sarah Frederick--

Raytown South High School is a four year public school located just east of Kansas City. Raytown's population is approximately 40,000, a mixture of working class and academic professionals. During its three years of publication, Raytown South's literary magazine Artisan has enjoyed support and enthusiasm from the community and from the student body, as will shortly be seen in the description of the magazine's fundraising activities.

THE MAGAZINE FORMAT

The 1984 issue of Artisan is 8 1/2" x 11" wide, center stapled, with the name "Artisan" printed across the width of the cover, in black overlapping letters, 5 inches high. Printed on felt finish stock, the cover is caramel colored, and the 37 text pages are buff colored. Black and white drawings and photographs complement the text throughout the magazine, and the layout on some pages carries the text lines over into the artwork. Within the text, titles and authors are set in 8 point ITC Souvenir Demi typeface, and the text in 3 point Souvenir light.

PRODUCTION: CROSS CURRICULAR AND VOLUNTARY

Now in its fourth year of publication, Artisan is strictly an extracurricular and voluntary effort. The staff of 20 students works with two faculty advisors from the English department, but the students on the staff make the final decisions on what goes into the magazine. Any student interested in joining the Artisan staff may do so, and many are students in writing or art classes. Occasionally, an outstanding student in either of these areas may be invited to join the staff.

All of the writing, artwork, and photography come from students. They also perform approximately 85 percent of the editing, 15 percent of the layout, and 90 percent of the proofreading, with faculty completing the remainder of these areas. All of the paste-up is done by a faculty-student committee, and printing is done out of house. Lynn Turner, one of the English department faculty advisors for Artisan, notes that

with each year the production process has become simpler, and the magazine is moving toward a totally student-produced publication.

SUBMISSIONS: COMPLEMENTARY BY COINCIDENCE

The staff uses an advertising campaign to solicit student works, with flyers and posters. Many submissions are generated by class assignments, and although writing and artwork are submitted independently, occasionally works will complement one another, giving the magazine a unified, almost thematic appeal. Students who contribute range from those recognized as National Merit winners to those with learning disabilities. The magazine is also open to faculty works, but those submissions are rare. Ms. Turner notes that while submissions are plentiful, and balanced across grade levels, more of the written works are prose than poetry. She hopes the renewed interest in poetry classes will generate more poems for the magazine.

FUNDING: STUDENT ENTHUSIASM

Student support and enthusiasm for Artisan are perhaps most evident in the energy students expend to raise funds for publication. Only 30 percent of the magazine's funding is allocated in the school budget; 55 percent must be generated through student fundraising. Fundraising activities include sales of candy or jewelry, or a special sale project, all of which are quite successful. The staff produces the magazine at a cost of $5.00 per issue for a print run of 400, and sells to students for $2.00 per copy. Ms. Turner notes that although production is somewhat constrained by the budget ($2,400 for 1984), the

remaining 15 percent of costs are recovered through sales of the magazine.

FUTURE CHANGES: STUDENT ARTISANS

Artisan's 1984 issue was only its third issue, so the magazine has likely experienced some growing pains. Its format will probably remain unchanged, as the staff has found it appealing and workable, but like most literary magazines, printing costs will remain a major consideration. The greatest change in Artisan's future, however, will be its continued progress toward a completely student produced magazine. Students will then be artisans not only in the crafts of writing and drawing, but also in the craft of production as well.

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Copies of Artisan may be obtained from

Raytown South High School

8211 Sterling

Raytown, MO 64138

Cost: $4.00 (including postage)

ARTISAN

ARTISAN

RAYTOWN SOUTH HIGH SCHOOL
SPRING, 1984

THE DANDELION

The tiny yellow flower danced merrily in the field. Each perfect petal was a minute arm used to hold her partner, the wind. As her partner led her along, her head bobbed to and fro. For a finale, she swept the ground with a deep curtsy.

LYNN BOHART

GARDEN SNAKE

The Snake slithered across the sleeping man's belly, and wrapped itself around his arm like a ribbon around an Easter Hat. The man awoke with a start; reaching down, he grabbed the snake around the neck. Almost subconsciously, he noticed the naugahide feel of the skin and the way it squashed like a marshmallow. Then he felt the small syringes pierce his arm; he slept forever.

JAMES BUERKY

ORANGE

Like a bright orange nerf ball, the citrus fruit, which was squishy from becoming overripe, conformed to the shape of my sweating palms and sailed through the air at the tree.

KRISTIN BROLL

MIKE RYON

Mr. Sandman and Curiosity play together to tease you. Your head nods and your eyelids droop, like a wilted flower, as Mr. Sandman is winning. Curiosity yanks on his rope and lifts your head as he whispers, "You want to see the end of the show, don't you?"

LAURA AGEE

TEMPEST

The darkness was a thief creeping around me and my possessions as I approached the source of the noise. The door, a broad, overwhelming, scarred man, stood before me; a soldier guarding his fort against the storm. The windows, clear, black lashed eyes sunken in the face of the door, reflected the thin crystal candle sticks stabbing the ground as they fell from the sky. I could not see anything as the aluminum foil thunder bolt pierced the sky, flooding my face with a burning light.

KRISTIN BROLL

TOO FAR

They cry in the dark
So you can't see their tears
They hide in the light
So you can't see their fears
Forgive and forget
All the while
Love and pain
Become one in the same
In the eyes of a wounded child
Because hell, hell is for children
And you know that their little lives
Can become such a mess
Hell, hell is for children
And you shouldn't have to pay for your love
With your bones and your flesh . . .

Pat Benatar

It was a small apartment; a single twenty-five watt G.E. lightbulb was the only source of light in the room, except for the black and white television, which was on with the volume turned down. The room smelled of cigarette smoke and coffee which had been sitting out for several days. Dirty dishes were piled up in the right side of the sink, crusted with spaghetti sauce from a meal three days earlier. On the stove, a pan full of grease was left over from the morning before.

In the middle of the room was a round table; playing cards and empty beer cans lay scattered over it. Four chairs were seated around the table, each of them empty, except for one, in which a boy sat, his head resting on his arms as he stared at the soundless television, watching Saturday morning cartoons. He was a young boy, nine years old to be exact, slender, blond hair, blue eyes, about seventy-five pounds. His cheeks were tear-stained. He did not move, but kept staring at the television screen.

The early morning sun was beginning to shine through the cracks in the window shade, reflecting off the empty cans lying on the table and causing reflections on the opposite wall. The boy noticed this, and he began to play with one of the cans, rolling it in the sunlight, making the reflections move around on the wall.

"What in the hell do you think you're doing?" said a sharp voice suddenly. The boy jumped nearly out of his seat and whimpered.

"I'm sorry, Dad, really I am!"

"Get into your room and don't come out until I tell you to!" the man yelled. The boy got up slowly and flinched as he passed the huge man, then sprinted into his room, slamming the door behind him. The man stumbled into the kitchen and opened up the refrigerator to grab a beer.

"John?" came a voice from the other room.

"Just a minute," the man grumbled as he chugged down the beer. He crunched the aluminum can and threw it on the floor, then slumbered into the bedroom.

"What was Stephen doing this time?" the woman lying on the bed asked.

"Oh, he was screwing around with the empty beer cans on the table," John said disgustedly.

"What are you going to do to him?" the woman asked.

"I don't know, Robin, but I'm going to have to punish him, you know."

"Yeah," said Robin, "but don't hurt him too bad, okay?"

"We'll see," laughed John.

Stephen was lying on his bed crying. He knew what was coming to him and he hated it. Why did they have to hurt him? Why couldn't they punish him like most other kids his age? He would not mind being grounded or even being spanked, but what he was about to get would last him a long time.

The apartment was quiet; the only sound that was noticeable was a dog barking outside. Stephen got up off the bed and looked out of his bedroom window. The dog across the street was barking viciously at the mailman. Down the street a bunch of neighborhood kids were playing "kick the can." Stephen longed to be out there with them, running in the warm sunlight, the feel of grass under bare feet, breathing fresh air, and laughing, laughing.

That was something that Stephen never did. He did not know what it felt like to laugh, to be happy, your stomach hurting from laughing too long and hard, tears running down your face from laughing. But he knew what tears felt like, all too well he knew, for he cried every day, nearly all day.

Stephen knew what fear and hate felt like. Your gut twisted into knots, the tears stream down your face, and your head feels like it's ready to explode. Stephen could hear a radio in his parents' room now; it was playing AC/DC. That's all they ever listened to, hard rock. Stephen really loved his parents, and somehow he knew that they really loved him too; but, they just didn't know how to show it.

Stephen lay down on his bed again, he was crying still, and he cried himself to sleep.

• • •

A big white country house, with black shutters and a big oak tree in the front yard. A dog, a black labrador retriever, running free on five hundred acres, a pond in the middle of it. Grass was as far as the eye could see, morning dew under bare feet, the country air smelled fresh, and sunlight shone through maple trees. There was a small family, a loving mother who baked apple pies and homemade bread, a caring father, who would teach him how to ride a horse, fish in a cold water stream, and just spend a little bit of precious time with him.

• • •

Stephen was wakened by a booming voice.

"Get off of that bed!" yelled John. Stephen got off the bed slowly and stood in front of his father, his hands in his pockets. He was trembling slightly, and he kept looking at his shoelaces.

"How many times have you been told not to mess around with empty beer cans?" asked his father.

"I don't know," answered Stephen as he looked into his father's eyes.

"Why are you constantly causing problems?"

"I don't know."

"Can you say anything except 'I don't know?'"

"I guess." Stephen was staring at his shoes again.

"I'm getting sick and tired of telling you over and over again. This time I'm going to fix you for good!" yelled John. Stephen looked up just in time to see the back of John's hand hit him in the face. The blow sent him sprawling on the floor. Tears came to Stephen's eyes as he picked himself up off the floor. He grabbed onto the edge of his bed to help himself up, but he never made it all the way. John's foot caught Stephen in the ribs, knocking him across the room. He was gasping for air; it was getting extremely hard to breathe. He lay on

(TOO FAR)

the floor, trying to catch his breath, and moaning a little bit, hoping that maybe John would leave him alone.

No such luck. John picked him up by the shirt collar and then threw him up against the wall. The back of Stephen's head began to bleed, and he was fighting for air.

"Please stop!" Stephen begged.

"You're going to learn that I mean business!" said John as he advanced on Stephen once again.

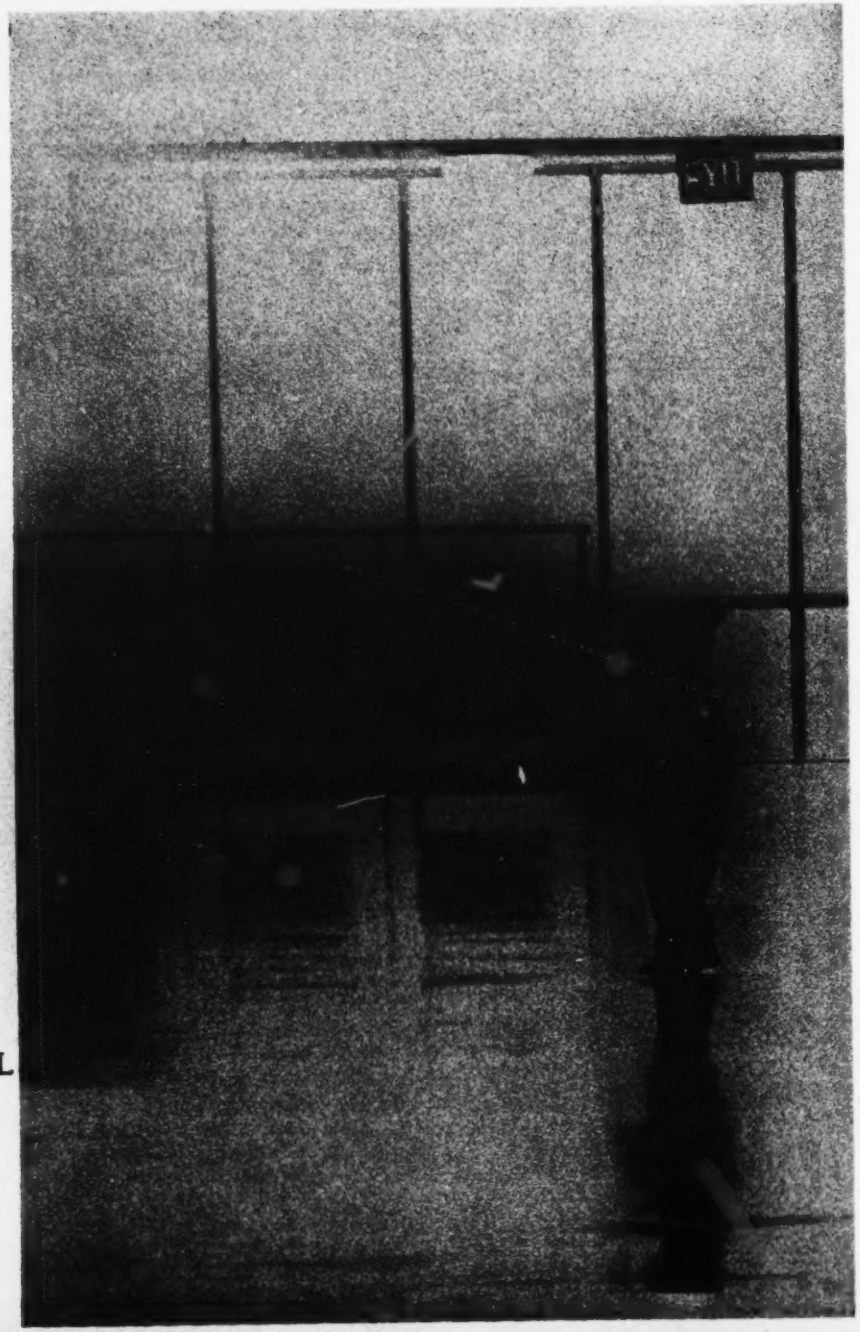
"Mommy, please make him stop!" Stephen yelled with his last breath of air. He began to get dizzy; he could no longer feel his father's fists hitting him. The room began to spin, and he had trouble focusing. Suddenly everything was black, and silent.

When Stephen woke up, he was strapped to a bed, or something; four men in white clothing were bent over looking at him. A green oxygen mask covered his mouth and nose. He was still a little dazed, but breathing was much easier. In the corner, two men in blue uniforms were putting handcuffs on Stephen's father. He strained to hear what they were saying.

"You have the right to remain silent . . ." and then he saw his mother sitting on the couch, crying, her hands covering her face, while she was mumbling:

"I had to John. You pushed it too far." □

STEVE CHACE



CORKY COLWELL

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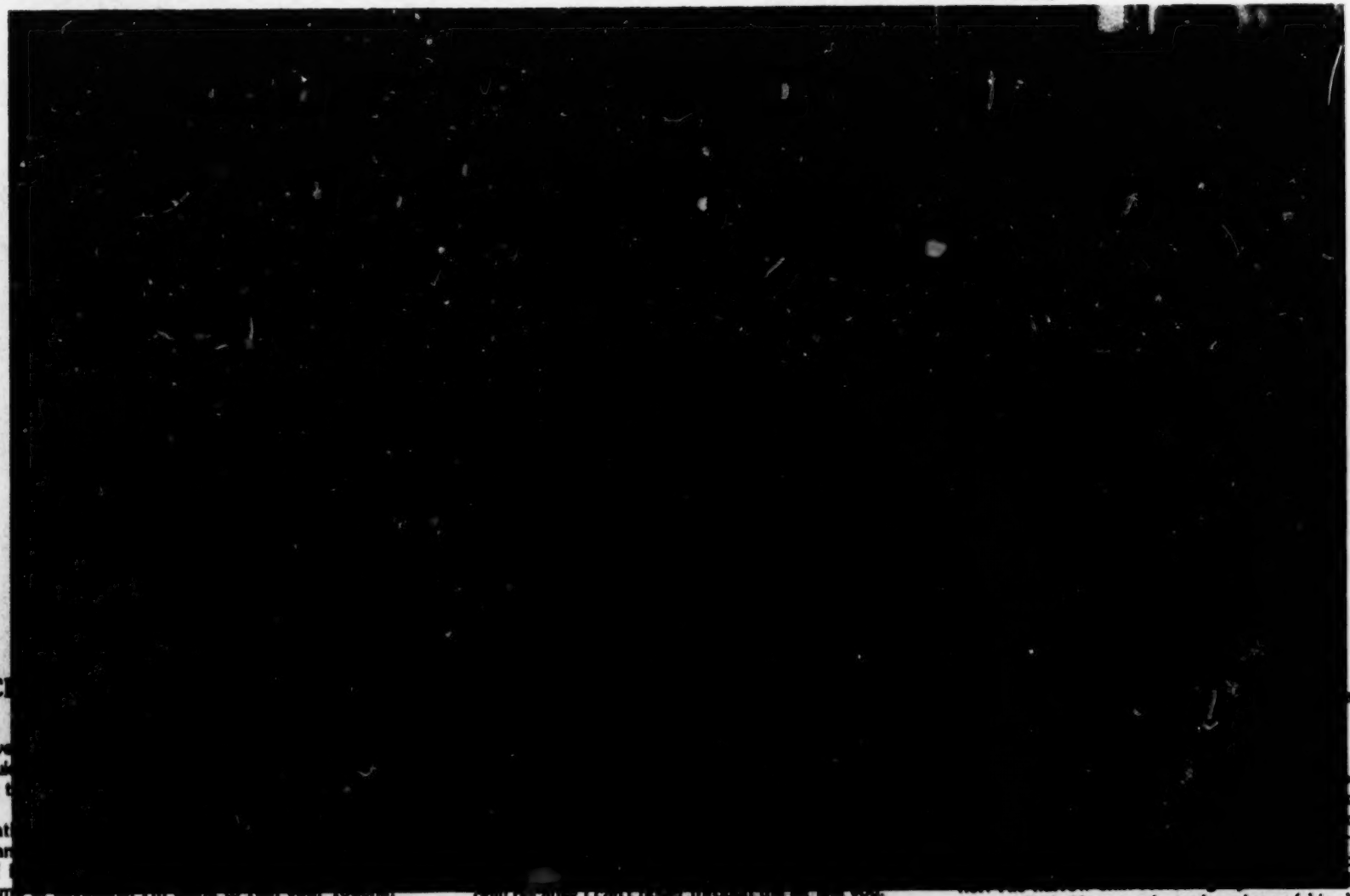


He looked at the people staring at him and let out a loud, high-pitched laugh.

Clayborne moved to the potato chips next, since the hamburger had just died. He nonchalantly threw a chip across the table so that it landed on his friend's plate. When his friend looked at him, with fire in her eyes, Clayborne just looked around as if nothing had happened. With an inquisitive look in his dark brown eyes, he asked, "What's wrong?"

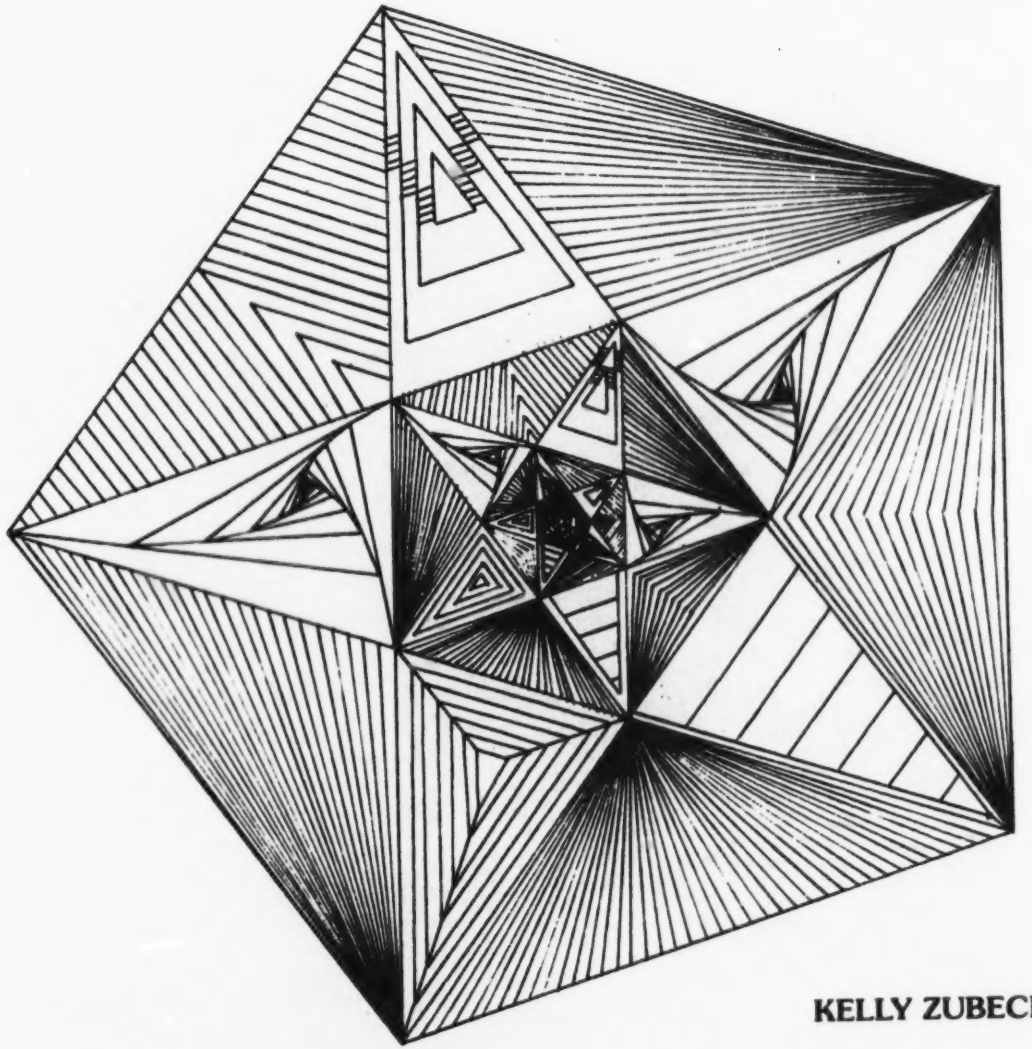
His friend said, "I suppose that was a chip

"Lorga, be quiet. I don't want to hear excuses," answered Clayborne.

He stifled himself, and the group at the table thought he would settle into normality. Normality wasn't quite normal for this Thespian, though. He returned to playing with his chips and poked around in them searching for aliens from Saturn. Unsuccessful in his search, he spontaneously grabbed the peanut butter cookie and stuffed it into his small mouth. He bit it into two separate pieces and threw one of them on the tray. He removed the ketchup

he watched. He tugged on the wisps of his dark brown hair and winked at her. He loved to watch people when they got paranoid. The girl looked up nervously a few times and blushed. Clayborne got a big kick out of her embarrassment and started laughing uncontrollably. He kept laughing until he noticed that nobody was laughing with him. In fact, by now everyone had grown accustomed to his behavior and practically ignored him. Acting dejected, Clayborne picked up his tray and scurried off playfully, tripping over his large feet. □

LAURA AGEE



KELLY ZUBECK

THE CLOSET

I was alone in our old, drafty house on a cold, rainy night when the wind howled down the chimney like a banshee. My parents were in town with friends and would probably have to stay the night because the bridge had been washed out by the rising river. My sister had gone next door to her friend's house to comfort her. I had told my sister that I was a big boy and that I would be fine staying in the house alone. I began regretting that statement as soon as our lights went out.

It was cold and dark in our living room. The lightning cast eerie shadows on the floor and the thunder made the whole house shake as if frightened. I shivered in the draft coming down through the chimney. I was cold and I wanted some light.

The only place I could think of where I could find a flashlight and blanket was in the hall closet upstairs. I know it is a childish fear, but I have been afraid to go into that closet since I was a youngster. I had often watched my mother or sister go into the depths of that closet to retrieve something while I cowered near the door. Often when my sister and I played hide-and-seek, she would hide in the closet knowing that I would never go in.

Sitting there in the dark, trying to bury my fear, I heard the back door open and shut. I heard the wind howl into the kitchen. I yelled out, "Who's there? Teresa, is that you?" No one answered. I thought that my imagination must be playing tricks on me.

Gathering my courage, I slowly began walking up the stairs. I wanted the flashlight and the blanket, so I knew that I had to go into the closet.

Before I knew it, I had reached the closet. Throwing my childhood fears behind me, I slowly reached for the knob. I heard something drop to the floor inside the closet! All my fears rushed to the surface, and I began to sweat. Before I could lose all my courage, I hesitantly turned the doorknob.

As if reflecting the tension I was feeling, the lightning and thunder seemed to reach a climax. The heavy, oaken door slowly swung open. I felt my courage waning, so I began walking into the deep, dark closet.

The lightning streaked across the sky, dimly lighting the inside of the closet. My fearlessness was completely broken when I saw in the eerie, dim light a tall, slimy figure reaching out for me! I felt its heavy breath upon my face. Its long, wet arm touched my arm and clenched. Its grasp was tight and I could not break loose. I thought my life was over, but the monster that was holding me started laughing! □

CHRIS EAGER

"I can't believe how deep the sea is," he fathomed.

CAROL WASLESKI

SCAVENGER

As the picnic basket overturned, a single ant scurried over to the red and white tablecloth. The little scavenger dug into the stale fried chicken like a bird searching the earth for worms. Its thin, wiry legs picked at the crispies so they tumbled down the meat like a landslide.

TRICIA McTAVISH

Loneliness, like an unwanted stray, never goes away.

KELLY WALSH

KELLY ZUBECK

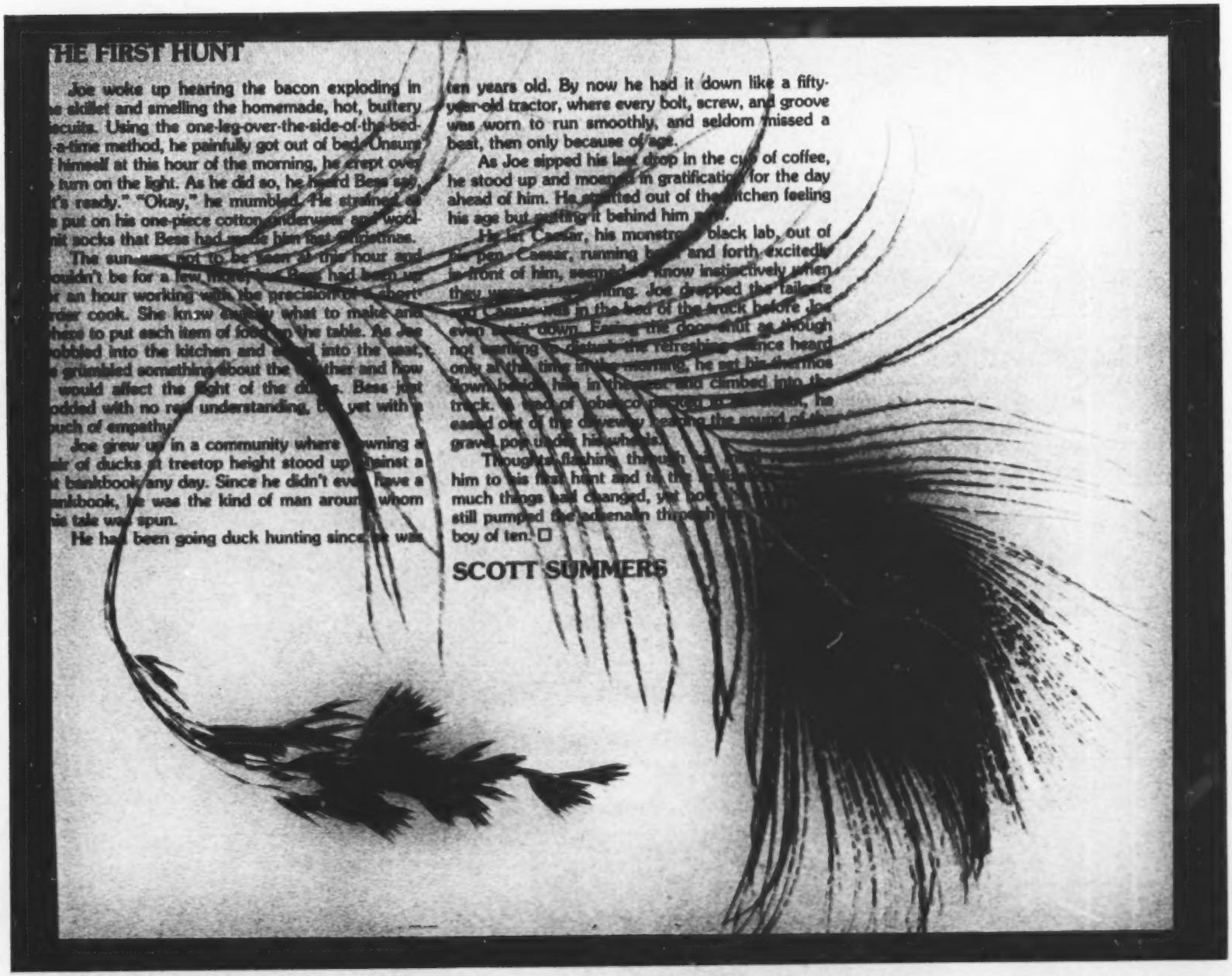
PRAYER OF A SAILOR

Women of the trade wind
Blow my ship along
While at sea I will look to you for
wisdom
advice
and courage
But don't make your husband
Man of the storm
jealous
For he will make the waves of the ocean
swallow us
As the sand swallows the city of the desert
Stay with us
Women of the trade wind
Amen

TOBE TENNYSON

The strong muscular door that had previously stood guard against the driving rain and bellowing thunder, became a timid child backing down from the rotating doorknob and power behind it. The rustling noise increased its intensity until it became a maddening shriek demanding an entrance into my cradled home. Hair on the back of my neck stood at attention as the door's hinges laughed wickedly while allowing the intruder to pursue its course.

MICHELLE COLLINS



THE FIRST HUNT

Joe woke up hearing the bacon exploding in [illegible] skillet and smelling the homemade, hot, buttery [illegible]scuits. Using the one-leg-over-the-side-of-the-bed-[illegible]-a-time method, he painfully got out of bed. Unsure [illegible] himself at this hour of the morning, he crept over [illegible] turn on the light. As he did so, he heard Bess say, [illegible]t's ready." "Okay," he mumbled. He strained as [illegible] put on his one-piece cotton underwear and wool-[illegible]nit socks that Bess had made him last Christmas.

The sun was not to be seen at this hour and [illegible]ouldn't be for a few [illegible]. Bess had been up [illegible]r an hour working with the precision of a short-[illegible]order cook. She knew exactly what to make and [illegible]here to put each item of food on the table. As Joe [illegible]obbled into the kitchen and [illegible] into the seat, [illegible] grumbled something about the [illegible]ther and how [illegible] would affect the flight of the [illegible]. Bess just [illegible]odded with no real understanding, [illegible] yet with a [illegible]uch of empathy.

Joe grew up in a community where [illegible]owning a [illegible]r of ducks at treetop height stood up [illegible]gainst a [illegible]t bankbook any day. Since he didn't ever [illegible] have a [illegible]nkbook, he was the kind of man around [illegible] whom [illegible]is tale was spun.

He had been going duck hunting since [illegible] was ten years old. By now he had it down like a fifty-year-old tractor, where every bolt, screw, and groove was worn to run smoothly, and seldom missed a beat, then only because of age.

As Joe sipped his last drop in the cup of coffee, he stood up and moaned in gratification for the day ahead of him. He stuffed out of the kitchen feeling his age but putting it behind him now.

He let Caesar, his monstrous black lab, out of [illegible]pen. Caesar, running back and forth excitedly [illegible]in front of him, seemed to know instinctively when they were [illegible]going. Joe dropped the tailgate [illegible] Caesar was in the bed of the truck before Joe even [illegible] down. Easing the door shut as though not wanting to disturb the refreshing silence heard only at this time in the morning, he set his thermos down beside him in the seat and climbed into the truck. [illegible] stood on the [illegible], he eased out of the driveway, hearing the sound of the gravel pop under his wheels.

Thoughts flashing through [illegible] him to his first hunt and [illegible] much things had changed, yet [illegible] still pumped the adrenalin through [illegible] boy of ten. □

SCOTT SUMMERS

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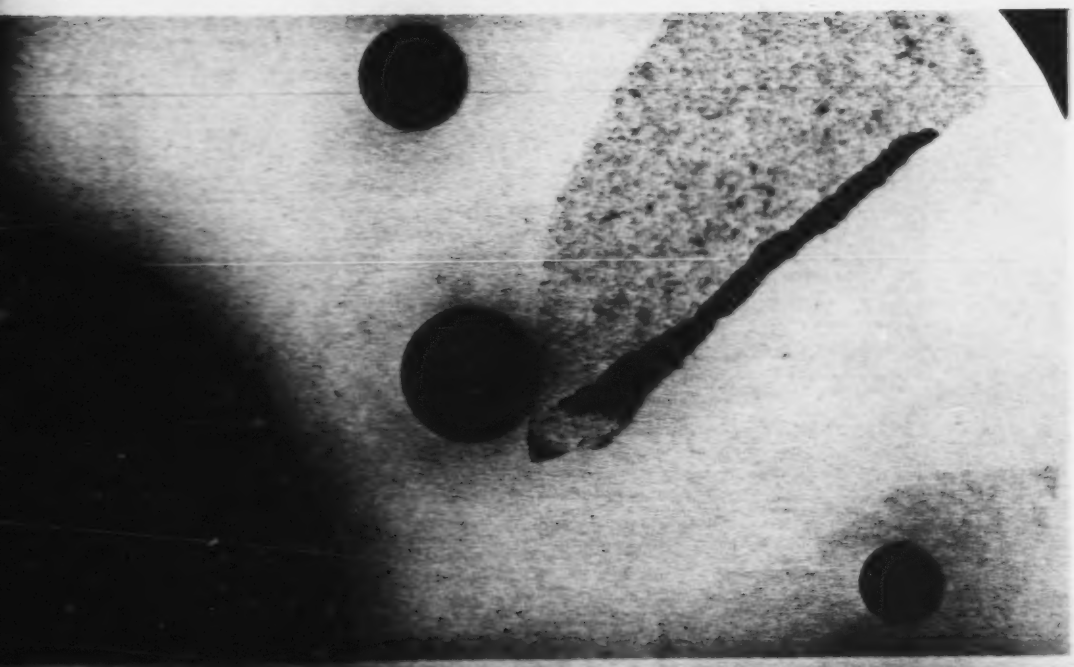
SHEILA ACHITY



BRYAN FISHER

WHO NEEDS BOOTSTRINGS?

I

In de beginin, I was freed.
Free as de burds I was, Ceptin
I didn't have half de respect de
burds had. Yet and still, I was
on my own.
But onced I got on my own,
I couldn't do nothin. Dey wouldn't
let me work; dey wouldn't let
me vote, cus I couldn't read nor
write; dey wouldn't even let me
get some schoolin, sos I could get
me an honest job and sos I
could vote for that nice missta
who set me and my people free,
to live on our own.
But dat was ok, cus I could
do what I could do. I could plant
seeds in spring and harvest um
in fall; I could pick cotton and
spin it to wool; I could chop
a tree, skin dat tree and build
me a house. My body was strong.

II

Den one day, my peoples made
a schoo, de teacha said shed
make my mind strong, I said,
strong like my body. Every day
I was in schoo, and sho nuff,
my mind got strong, I learned
to read and to write. I thought,
now I can vote and find myself
a decent job.

III

But when I went back to
the voting place, and passed all
the tests, they said, get outta
here boy, you cain't vote, it's our
country, why dont you go make
your own, pull up on your own
bootstrings? Well, I, with my
new strong mind, thought that
to be mighty funny. Make my
own, pull up on my own bootstrings?
I thought I helped build this one.
I don't remember massa nailin
boards, layin tracks, plantin
crops or chopin trees, I did, me
and my people.

IV

But it was ok, we lived
in our world, happy free and
growing in knowledge. Yet
my world became too small,
too secluded, I had to expand,
get a piece of what was
rightfully mine.

V

It wasn't easy making the change,
it was like walking around wearing
only one boot. When I tried to
enter into the new world, the door
was slammed shut in my face.
I didn't try to find the key,
instead I made a new one.
Once inside, the door slammed
shut behind me, there was no
turning back, many obstecles
stood in the way. But I
knew I could make it through,
because now my mind and
body are strong.

VI

Now here in 1984, I am 200
years old, I've watched my country
and my people grow. We've progressed
through the years, we've become doctors,
lawyers, pro-athletes, businessmen, officers,
actors, singers, computer programmers
we've been on the moon, become
Congressmen and of course teachers
to continue passing the word. And
now we're running for president.
We've made our own way, but
not just by pulling up, but by
spreading out, by elaborating on
what we already had. A strong
body combined with a strong mind,
no strings attached.

STACY R. OVERMAN

MIKE RYON

GREENJEANS' GRAINERY & STILL

The purple bull looked around him and said, "Hey, like I don't need this stuff anymore; I'm splittin' from this joint.!"

"In the first place, 'this' isn't a 'joint,' it's a disco, you sped!" said the highly indignant hen, "and in the second place, why they let anyone like you in this place is beyond me!"

The other hens in the GREENJEANS' GRAINERY & STILL cackled in amusement at the perplexity of the purple bull. Soon, however, the perplexity of the bull turned to unleashed anger as he stalked toward the mouthy hen in the black denim, Gloria Vanderbilt jeans and red sequined halter top. The other hens stepped back in horror, but not the mouthy one. Her name was Roberta and she ran things in her coop of friends. As the purple bull, known as Big Jake, approached, Roberta did not bat one of her heavily made-up, blue shadowed eyes. The two animals were hoof to high heel when Mr. Greenjeans, the proprietor of GREENJEANS' GRAINERY & STILL, stepped between them.

"This has gone far enough, you two. If you don't settle down now, I'll have to call in the Captain."

An awed hush settled over the room as the group assembled heard Mr. Greenjeans' last words. He must think that the situation was pretty serious since he threatened to call in the Captain.

Mr. Greenjeans continued, "I'm sure that none of my respectable customers wants to see any milk or feathers shed and I'm really sure they don't want to see what would happen if I called the Captain in."

Mr. Greenjeans glanced around the bar, a gleam in his eye, satisfied that his last words had a powerful effect on the patrons of the disco.

Roberta stepped back, slightly ruffled at the scene that she and the bull had caused. "No problem here, Mr. Greenjeans. I was just on my way to powder my beak." A drip of sweat fell from Roberta's brow. The other hens caught this and noticed that Roberta was really a chicken beneath her tough exterior.

As Roberta gathered her last shred of dignity and walked past the staring crowd, Mr. Greenjeans turned his attention to Jake.

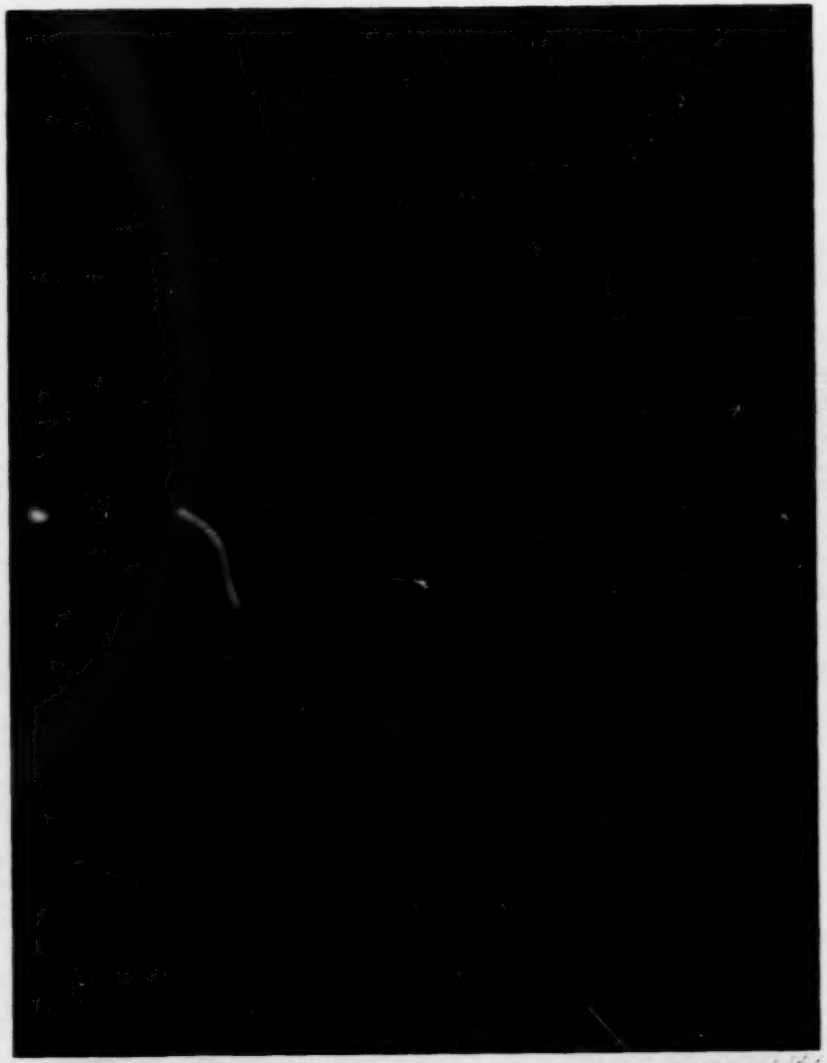
"I was just getting ready to leave, Mr. Greenjeans, sir. There's no problem here. Uh, it's, uh a real nice joint, um, I mean 'bar' that you've got here."

Big Jake stuttered unless he had his big wad of "Redman's Cud" in his cheek. The crowd was amused as Jake dug for the small can of cud tobacco in his dirty overalls.

"We'd like to keep it that way," Mr. Greenjeans said, glancing back at the portrait of the Captain painted by Andy Warhol a few years back. "Next time, try to wear something a little more appropriate."

As Big Jake lumbered out of the disco, he mumbled, "Give my regards to the Captain." □

KRISTIN BROLL



KELLY ZUBECK

JUST KIDDIN' AROUND

BECCI OVERLANDER

(The following two poems are *Clarihews.*)

Helen Keller
Was quite a speller
She could sail
Right through the braille.

ANGELA COOK

Jesse James
Was once called bad names
But now he's the past
And a hero at last.

KIM WIESEN

"I need new underwear," he said briefly.

LAURA AGEE

"I hate fried chicken," she squawked.

KRISTIN BROLL

Ice cream cone — a boy's first love in the spring.

JOHN ZION

"Go plant that tree," he barked.

KENDRA BARNES

"I don't like whales," she blubbered.

DENNIS BARLOW

SLEDDING

Your elbows and knees are dark with dampness as you pull your sled up to the tip of the peak. As you sit on the shiny round saucer, your wet jeans cement themselves to the disk. You give a little push against the crisp snow with your legs and this launches you and your sled down the hill. You can hear the sliding, crunching sound underneath you. The speed increases along with your excitement while your saucer minds the trail you've made.

MIKE RYON

CEDAR BLUFF

Hiking this trail always fools me; the trail twists and winds so much, I'm never sure when we will see the lake. The woods are thick enough above to keep all of the curious sun from reaching through this green smothering blanket of damp heat. There are a few clues, though. The trees begin to awaken and announce our arrival at the lake with soft whispers. The whispers are caused by a burden easing draft, which comes off the lake, and makes the leaves dance above. The last hundred feet the draft lifts us, and our feet work like the ticking of a watch, clicking off the last few seconds before we reach the bluff which overlooks the lake.

Light appears in the limbs ahead, playfully mingling with the coarse, dark leaves. Passing beyond those last few limbs, my vision immediately soars across the lake, gliding past the glittering waters of the lake, and reaching the oak clad hills in the horizon. Although the lake was the Osage river, it is now the fish filled waters of the Truman Reservoir.

The gaping cliff we stand on reaches down to the edge of the lake, jutting out like the knuckles of the hill clenching the rich brown mud of the water's edge. From under these knuckles stretches a gleaming field of soothing green water, which meets the coarse green-browns of the hills about a mile away. On these precipitous hills there are a million trees waving their applause of my ascent.

It's sometimes strange to see this lake, for I remember it as the Osage river, horseshoeing before the cliff, then bending solemnly out of sight. There were well ordered fields, and roads fenced with trees, stretching to the river's edge.

The ageless bulk of caverned stone and gnarled cedars, which send their hardy roots into the smallest crevices of the rock, give this place a great strength. Not only does the land's strength inspire awe, but it sinks through my skin like the warm sun of the afternoon. Problems seem halfway conquered here, and the darkest of my wor
by the overpowering sun. The sun
death here, and the coarse green-
contrast with the ethereal glitter
lake, to suggest that God watch
which is ordered in His ageless, n

The hills speak to me once
swaying me into a peaceful secu
breath of the lake refreshing m
watchfulness of the forest. The
gives its strength to me, not onl
reassuring scenery lends to my
the way the sinewy trails and
give physical strength to the bo
thing that matters to me is the s
self-assurance that this place gi
derful thing about this place is
leave here, the feeling stays wit
when things seem bad.

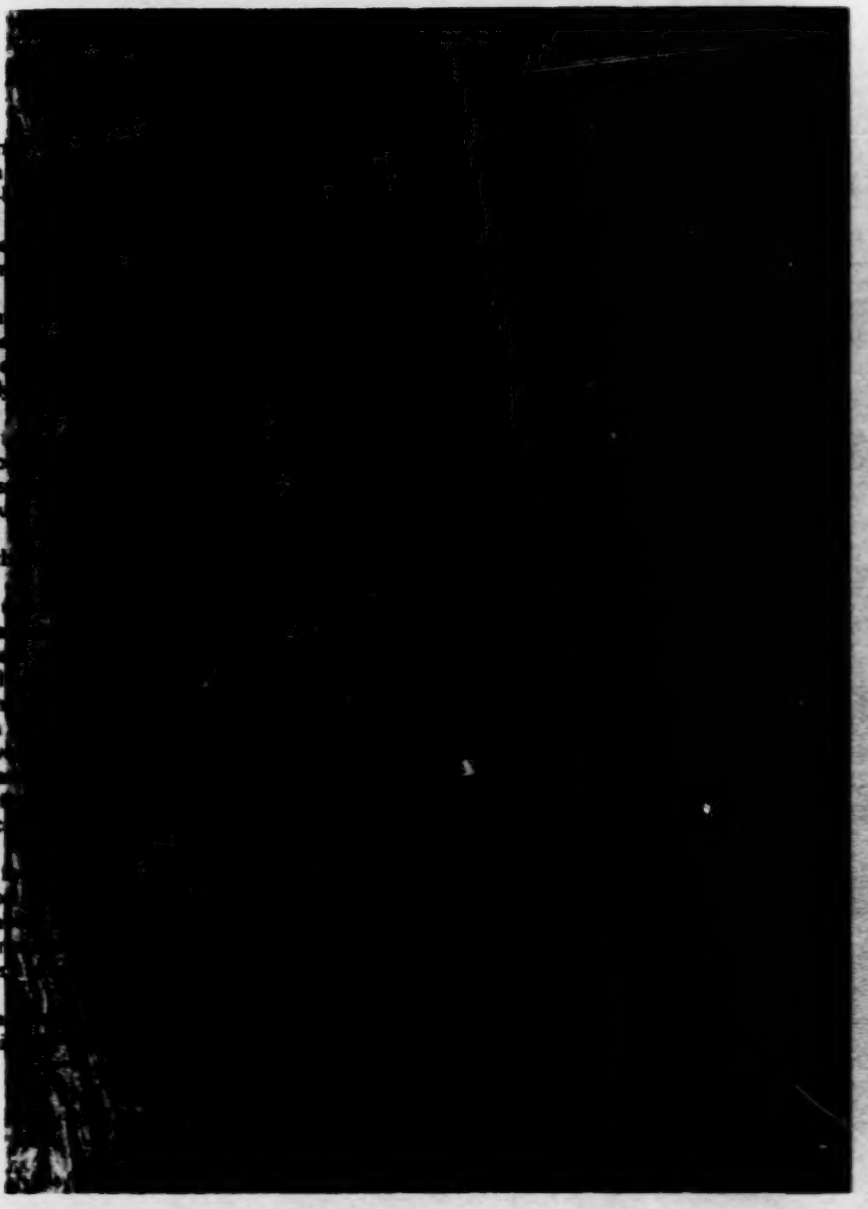
The hikers I guide here are
gishly eating a bland sandwich a
nuts for lunch. They gaze over th
tossing gray slices of rock over t

My thoughts, however, go un
cease to live, and simply *be* for a
ing the sun ride across the wav
become the rock, there are no fla
whole. I know now that life cont
I'm playing a part. This is what c
what's real.

Before we leave, there is a
of mine, whose trunk and limb
comforting, not coarse and scra
others. I go here and sit on the r
by the tree, throned like an ancie
over my fuedal kingdom.

The land looks back and la
to see me there, sitting and th
possibly rule over this land.□

EVAN NEWELL



KIM BROWN

BEST COPY AVAILABLE

THE WRESTLING ROOM

As I draw near the room, I feel like a piece of iron that is being taken to the forge. It is a forge that has been molding men for over 5,000 years, from the Egyptians to the Greeks and before them. Each group of people has changed the forge to make their own kind of men.

The closer I get to the room the more I feel the heat. It's not a burning heat but a tense heat that grabs hold and doesn't let go. As I enter the room, I feel the anticipation rising like a spring storm; I know it's coming but I don't know what to expect of it. I feel the soft mats give way under my weight. They're a blood red and cover all the walls but one, where there is a faded green colored chalkboard that stretches almost the whole length of the wall. There are six large circles on the mat, separated by the seam where the sections meet, three on one side and three on the other. The mats on the far wall are hung with red and white nylon jump rope. Their own weight makes them bend and bow from being suspended so long. Behind the hanging mats is a forbidden door that leads to darker catacombs beneath the school. The rest of the wall mats are bolted to the wall with a long strip of iron. Along the near wall, close to the corner is Mr. Bill, our takedown dummy. He looks like a giant stick man covered in red polyester. He is frozen in permanent wrestling stance. From his rear end extends the spring and wall mounting that give him life and resiliency. The ceiling is the same as every other in the school except where the pipes leak and the tiles have turned brown.

The other wrestlers around me are doing the same thing, stretching and bending, wondering what practice is going to be like. The coach comes in, and as we start warming up, the first signs of sweat start beading on my forehead. My muscles begin to moan and groan because they never recovered from the day before. One of the drills we do is called two on one. One man lies on his back and the other two use his arms to hold him down. It doesn't matter how a person gets out — most people don't — but it is the effort that is put out. When I'm down there, all of the anger and frustration emerge. I feel empty and soft.

By the time we're finished warming up, I feel like a wet rag and we are ready to start wrestling. We are divided into groups of three or four. I seldom talk to the people in my group. Even though they're my friends and teammates, they become something different when they step on the mat. They become my opponent, not my buddy. Not someone whom I talk with in the hall, but my adversary, someone who is to be defeated at all costs. I spare no amount of strength to triumph.

The heat in the room increases steadily with each passing minute until I can hardly breathe, and a cool breath is like a drink of water to a man lost in the desert. That is when I become soft like a red hot piece of iron, and the hammering starts except from the inside out. My muscles begin to burn like they have been injected with acid and my joints ache as if they were going to explode. I can feel my heart pounding in my chest, sending energy to my tired body. When the pain starts, the tempering of the mind starts also. I can feel it hardening and growing with each passing movement. In this way, wrestling has made many strong people and has broken many others. □

SEAN AULT

KIM BROWN

JOHN ACKER

FROM HELL . . .

"I'm down on whores and I shant quit ripping them." — JACK THE RIPPER

Money was a rare commodity those days. It was a poor time for the people of Whitechapel. It has always been a hard life on the east side of London. Mary Ann slowly strolled her way through the alleys of the codmarket. She needed to earn her six pence for the night or she would sleep on the streets. Her high heeled boots clicked the cobblestones as she passed the brothels, the run-downs and the over-populated basement which comprised the east side housing. In these disease ridden slums, Mary Ann Nichols scratched out a "life" of sorts with the age-old "art" of prostitution.

The grey walls stood damp on the unusally cold summer morning of August 31, 1888. The town clock rang its lonely cry in the echoing labyrinth of Bradley Street and Buchs Row. It turned one o'clock and her task was hurried and pressed for time. She grew weary and images began to fade. The London fog arrived and the streets were wrapped in a blanket of haze. It ran the buildings together from each cold omniscient one to another. She was alone. Oh, there was the occasional drunk or bobby, but she scarcely had seen a human being in the last hour. She moved farther and farther from Whitechapel Road, farther from the houses of Buchs Row back to the quiet walkways and alleys.

She turned out from behind McCarthy Hall, hoping to find a lonely lodger. She peered at the solitary street lamp as a cat scampered past her. Papers, rubbish, and general neighborhood litter cluttered the sidewalk; she made her way towards the light. Her long blue dress barely moved in the chilling breeze. Her camel-tan overcoat made her feel uncomfortable as did the big black hat she wore.

She stood at the corner as if the whole world revolved around her. She was the light that penetrated the darkness. Her eyes scanned the gloomy city. The sounds of town soon became apparent. They were far off, distant, and disheartening. Among the sounds she detected were the raps of footsteps. They were slight and quick and nearing her. Maybe they were that of a woman or a prospective client; but, whether they were one or the other, the soles making contact with the stones made her shudder. It was fear, but a hollow fear, a fear of vulnerability.

At the corner across from one of the many Spitafield Commons, a man appeared around the empty shop. He walked with a brisk stride, a package in his left hand. She could not envision his face; she could only concentrate on the package. He paused for a moment as a shroud of fog enveloped the street and passed. He began walking toward her at a faster pace now. She did not know why this man frightened her so, but she shuddered with each ever nearing footstep. In panic, she rounded the corner, trying to reach the nearest common, hoping to stay there until daybreak. It was her only hope. Still nearly a block away, her body gave way with the lifting of each foot. In the distance, she could see the dimly shining light through the cracks of the doorway. In her haste, she failed to notice that her hat had dropped several steps back. She turned to retrieve it when her head was nearly severed as someone or something pulled her off the walkway and into an alley. Her skin met with the steel of a dew-covered knife, moistened by the night mist. Beams of light shot off its blade in a flurry of streaks. The cold metal seemed to inch into her neck at every gulping breath. The man made no attempt to speak; he seemed to enjoy watching the horror in her eyes. The knife tightened and he uttered in a low, almost ghostly voice, "You'll say anything but your prayers." The thick crimson cascade of blood rushed over her neck, warming the knife, and flowed onto the ground. Steam from the open wound ascended into the cold night air as the incision grew, from ear to ear. The light from the nearby door blazed and then faded as death took his calling. Scarcely a sound was heard and again Whitechapel was quiet, as quiet as the moors, and as deadly.

Inspector Tusk looked over the expanding slums. He knew he was out there. He had sent the police a piece of the woman's kidney packaged in a box. It was a blood and mucous covered sign, a sign which proved that the killing was not over. Yes, he was out there. You couldn't miss him. He's the quiet man with hate in his eyes and blood on his hands. □

MARK CHESTER

The moon is the thief of darkness.

KIM PENDLETON

JOHN ACKER

KIM BROWN

KIM BROWN

CORKY COLWELL

DANCING FINGERS
(or TAPS)

So many keys to learn this year,
how will I learn them all?
Move those fingers faster now or
your grade will fall!

Dancing fingers, over the keys
IBM, ADLER, ROYAL . . . Please!
Take me from this slow passing doom
Put me in another room!

Paper engulfing me, a surging mass,
This world is horrible!
It's typing class.

ERICA FISCHER

Love flows like a river through the heart
splashing on the edges of the soul.
Wandering through a riverbed that
has never been touched before.

RENEE BROWN

STEFF FUNK

MIKE RYON

LOVE

If you are a writer,
you express yourself through writing.
If you are a painter,
you show yourself in painting.
But if you are a lover,
you show yourself all the time.
Which would you rather be?

PAUL SPURGEON

estrellas
brillantes y hermosas
bicen, chispean, guinan
Los ajas de Dios
Astras

stars
bright and beautiful
shining, twinkling, and winking
The eyes of God
(Heavenly body)

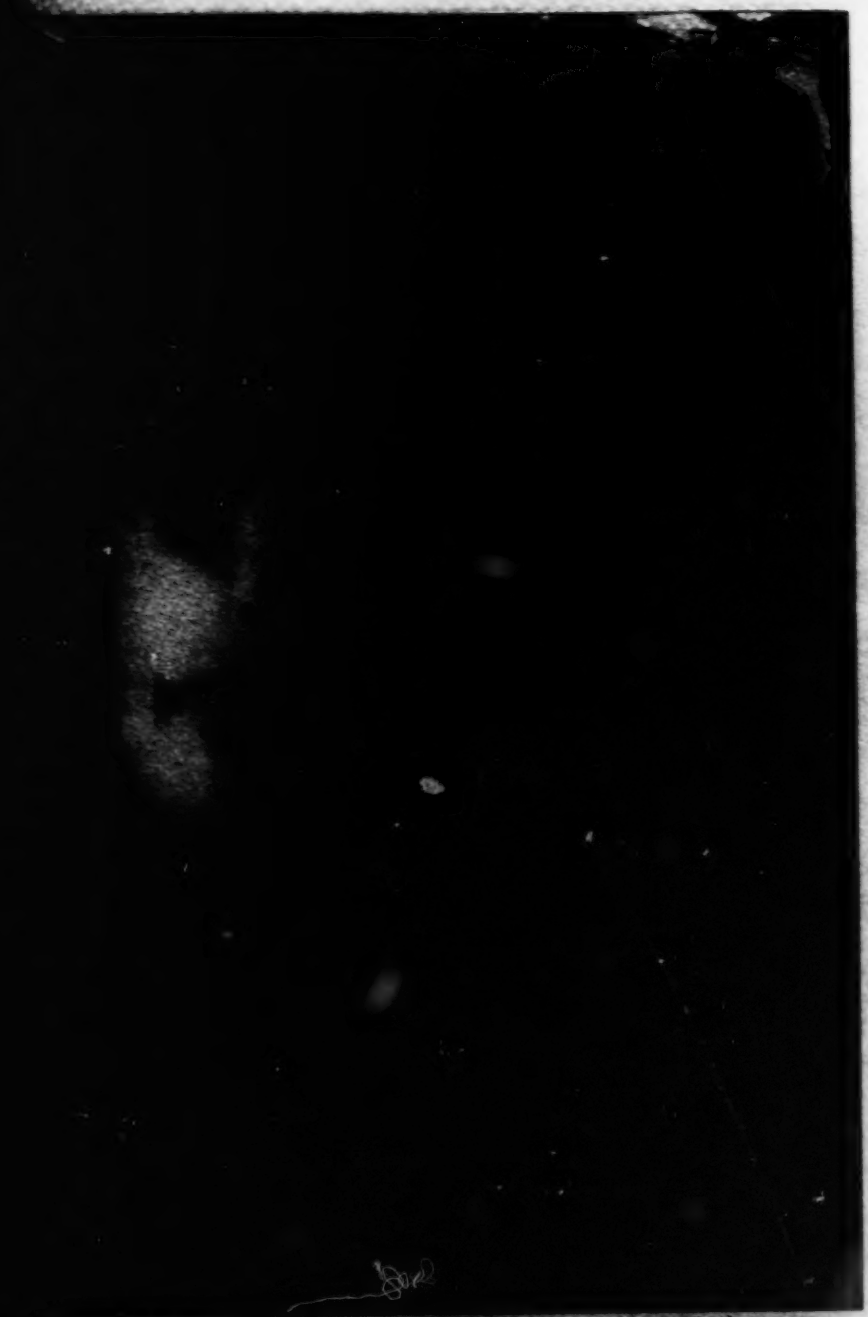
HOWARD HAMPTON

WANTED: BOYFRIEND

I think that I shall never see
A guy that will ever look at me.
He doesn't have to have perfect form
As long as he stays to keep me warm.
I doubt that I will ever date,
Or even find the perfect mate.
But as they say there's always hope,
I'll try my hardest not to mope.
But there are times when I am down
And all I ever do is frown.
When I'm sad, my friends are there
And I know they'll always care.
They just don't understand my need
Of someone that will notice me.
I'm not looking for "Mr. Right"
Just a boyfriend for Tina Hite.
If someone knows that I'm alive,
Call 782-0645.

TINA HITE

KELLY DEARING



BRIAN GARBETT

MODERN

I am a ball of nerves,
twisted up,
don't try to untangle me.

I am a mass of confusion,
all crooked,
don't try to straighten me.

I am the future,
unknown,
don't try to solve me.

I am highly executive,
my mind a computer,
don't mess with my memory.

I am full of life,
imaginative,
let me be, I am modern.

KELLY ZUBECK

As he spoke, he pictured how the trophy would look on his shelf at home. He could imagine the weight of the award, and although he had never actually touched or held the trophy, he could tell it was constructed out of quality material. If only he were able to touch the golden angel atop the wooden tower, he would be able to tell instantly whether it was plastic or metal. This meant a great deal to him, for his world revolved around material things, and plastic meant cheap. Noticing cheap clothing and cheap jewelry was one of his fancies, and he often went out of his way to point out this revolting cheapness to others.

At that moment he noticed his judge was wearing a pair of cheap Top Siders. He wondered how this person could be judging *him*. Without looking down, he pictured the shoes he was wearing. Anyone could see there was a great difference between the judge's shoes and his own. The judge's shoe laces were an entirely different shade of brown. In fact, everything about the judge was inferior to him. His evaluator was wearing a cheap knit tie that resembled a worn gym sock. Unlike the judge's hair, his own was meticulously parted, and very evenly proportioned.

Although all of the judge's imperfections were very entertaining, he suddenly came to a part of his speech that required his undivided attention. Statistics had always been difficult for him to memorize. He knew them well, but he had to keep his mind on them or they would be jumbled. He had told others that his speech was very much like an airplane. Most of it was run on auto-controlling, but difficult manuevers needed his special technique. However, all the concentration in the world would not enable him to block out what was to happen next.

The disaster began with the school's laziest janitor. The man was scheduled to replace the weak pipe immediately and what was put off suddenly became a point of chaos. From inside the room came a shrill hissing scream. Billowing clouds of steam came inches from his five-foot-four frame. If the crack in the pipe had sent the scalding mist any lower, he may have been burned severely. The sheer shock of the burst caused him to stumble and fall. His frail arms did no good as he hit the dusty floor, which by the way, had been neglected a good sweep. The laughter that should have come from the onlookers was held back for fear he might be hurt.

When he reviewed in his mind what he must have looked like, a mass of waving limbs being shoved to the ground by a column of steam, he started to chuckle. The chuckle grew until it became a roar of laughter. The others' fear of injury was quickly replaced with the humor of the situation. The room was filled with laughter caused by a lazy janitor, who later would be fired.

As he patted the dust from the seat of his pants, that gleaming trophy, which seemed to control him before, was for a short time forgotten. □

MIKE RYON

JULIE

As the bell signaling the beginning of fifth hour rang, Julie slid her small frame into her seat, spilling her books out in front of her. Receiving a stern look from her teacher, she returned a full-toothed smile that turned her eyes into small slits of darkness.

The teacher, Mr. Howard, began discussing the story his class was to have read the night before. Soon becoming bored, Julie placed her small, clenched fists on her soft, freckled cheeks. And, in the hope of gaining attention, turned her face into rubber, aiming her masterpiece towards the guy across the room. She received the desired response, a smile, and began to sit Indian-style in her chair.

Realizing she did not read the assigned story, Julie sank her small body down in her wooden chair, so as not to be included in the discussion. Mr. Howard took her sudden retreat as a chance to make an example of one of his students. He walked toward her desk. At the same time, Julie looked the other way, pretending not to notice the approaching teacher. "What do you feel is the main concept of this piece of writing, Miss Gould?" She slowly lowered her head until her chin touched her neck, and simply mumbled, "I didn't really understand the story." Pleased, Mr. Howard continued the discussion with the rest of the class.

Suddenly Julie remembered she had something important to tell Kim, the girl who sat in front of her. She leaned forward, almost pressing her large, well-formed lips against Kim's head, and whispered what seemed to be the best piece of gossip all day. While Julie was whispering, she almost unconsciously drew on her desk with her two index fingers, as if explaining the bit of juicy gossip. Finishing her story, Julie leaned back in her chair, stretching her short legs out in front of her.

Extremely tired, Julie opened her mouth into a long, drawn-out yawn, making her thick, black eyebrows crinkle towards the bridge of her wide, rounded nose. She leaned over, placing her head down on her desk, forgetting about Mr. Howard and school. Thinking about her boyfriend, she drifted into a light, pleasant sleep, only to be awakened by the shrill of the bell. Feeling a little disoriented, Julie pulled her books towards her chest, threw her purse over her shoulder, and slowly dragged her small, slightly rounded body out of the classroom. □

TRICIA McTAVISH

THE CAR

The car's headlights searched the darkness ahead, the engine humming sweetly. Suddenly the other car appeared like a mugger in the night. It struck the car, a dolphin warding off a shark. The car drunkenly staggered across the road and slammed into a tree, never to run again.

JAMES BUERKY

DANDELION

A golden egg yolk on a thin pea green stem, waving in the wind, caught my eye as I sat underneath the umbrella shade of the sturdy maple tree.

KRISTIN BROLL

Marriage, like a shoe string, often comes undone no matter how tightly the knot is tied.

MIKE RYON

Governments, like discontented mothers-in-law, are never satisfied.

CHRIS EAGER

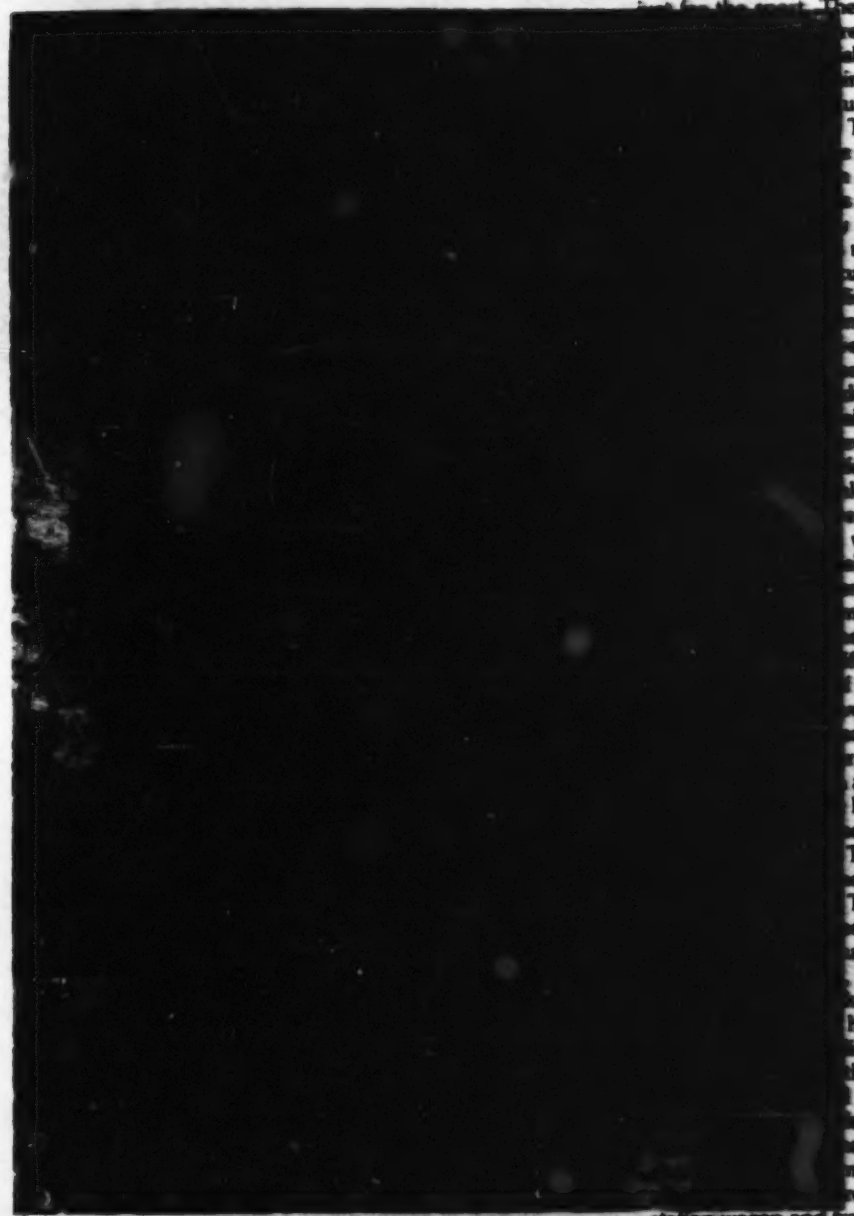
THE CAR

Roaring as the fiery beast it is, the car came to a stop at a signal. The dragon's heart beat, and all could hear its heavy black breath issuing from its dark round snout. The earth trembled as if the beast were scratching the ground in preparation to attack. The signal changed and the beast roared off, leaving shiny black streaks, burned scars from its smokey breath.

JOHN ZION

KIM BROWN

THE TRAUMA OF SPORTS — FISHERMAN ENVIRONMENT



The sport fisherman is a fisherman who fishes
just for the sport. The excitement, thrill and occa-
re enough for him. He thrives
h, which hopefully leads to a
ing can stop him from fishing,
ure. He will risk all and fish in
The rain, snow and wind are
fisherman. As you probably
this reading, a fisherman is
total dedication causes some
and family. The last thing on
money. Some of the personal
ur are serious. The divorce
ishermen is extremely high.
ns also arise. Complete meta-
ery common due to the long
roblems are numerous due to
ollar bass boats that have to
l winter long with nothing to
ee hundred dollar boat cover.
e if you wish to live it as a
k it is harder for the spouse
to live with such a fisherman.
who live through it start pro-
h children. Responsibilities as
r are often overlooked if the
an.

ember of a sport fisherman is
ficult during the spring bass
men pack up their equipment
orite fishing hole. I know you
o bad about this?" The season
r weekend. On Easter Sunday
and count dozens of fatherless
lucky wives who have normal,
eem to sit together on the left
Then all these wives seem to
e same time to smile, look at
The poor kids don't know why
d, so they, meaning the kids,
t their appearance. And while
the husband is racing his boat
e. This is just one holiday. If
has access to ice fishing, then
iday season is wasted as well.
that his family is the target of
degrading charity.

e me to my next topic. Some-
ancially these families will need
nbers dread the sports show
day the family piles into the
station wagon and travels to the city for the shows.

The fisherman buys every new bit of equipment from bait to a whole new boat. When the bills are all totaled up, the wife and kids cry, and the fisherman just smiles and says, "Everything will be all right." The family members are not crying because of the money spent, but the money that won't be spent on the bare essentials. Forget about new jeans, patch the old ones. No chance about getting the new silk dress in the store window. Just call grandma, she will make you a new one. No steak or roast for supper, just some bread and water. The braces, bat, new shoes, and bike will all have to wait till summer. The trolling motor, ugly stick, and underwater floating fishing light will be bought.

The fisherman also lacks imagination and feelings when it comes to purchasing gifts for his family. Your best friend asks you what you got for Christmas? Well, I got a new Bass belt buckle, a new pole, and a three year subscription to *How to Be a Good Fisherman*. This is a fine Christmas present except your so-called father borrows the pole and cuts all the articles out of your magazine. For her birthday, the daughter gets a pet fish, a fish mobile, and a fishing hat with a little pink fuzzy ball on top. The poor wife gets a stuffed trout for her twentieth anniversary. Then they go out to eat and have baked catfish. For the sport fisherman, you give a new set of tools which will stay in their plastic prewrap forever.

Yet what the family members miss the most are the stories of their father's youth. When the father's buddies come over to talk about old times, they don't talk like normal fathers. You won't hear of the time they all piled into the old red Chevy and drove all the way to Smithville. No, all you hear about is the one that got away, or the one that didn't. You don't get to hear any wild Navy stories, just how the aircraft carrier followed a sea bass migration at twenty knots. When normal fathers' buddies come over, you couldn't pay the kids to go to their rooms. When a fisherman's buddies come over, the kids will probably pay you to let them go to their rooms.

In closing, the family members of a sports fisherman are all mistreated. And what is worse is I've noticed a lot of women fisherpeople. I don't know what to tell the kids except call information and ask about your local Save a Child of a Sport-Fisherman and Sport-Fisherwoman chapter before it is too late. □

JEFF VINKE

ROBYN KING

ROBYN KING JULIE MERRELL KEITH GREEN

MIKE RYON

MACHINES

"Yours is not to reason why,"
But to do or die." — Lord Alfred Tennyson
(from the "Charge of the Light Brigade")

It had all begun so innocently; Bill received a postcard in the mail. It had the catchy little phrase, "It's quick. It's easy. And it's the law," like when he was a boy and he had to get his immunization shots for school. A harmless little thing that had to be done. But now it was a cold reality, standing in line half-naked with forms in his hands waiting for the doctor to call his name. He had never felt so alone in his life. Bill always thought that both sides were so afraid of each other that neither country would do anything to start a war.

"Calahan, William Joseph," shouted the doctor from the examination room.

"Yes, sir," Bill said as he entered the antiseptic room.

"Remove your towel and step up on the table," he said.

"Yes, sir."

The doctor walked around behind him and placed a cold stethoscope on his back.

"Breathe deeply."

He didn't have to be told. The shock of the instrument on his back was enough.

"Again."

The doctor walked back to his desk and started reading off the questions like he was typing in numbers on a calculator.

"Have you been in the hospital within the past six months?"

"No, sir."

"Any history of heart trouble, diabetes or liver conditions in your family?"

"No, sir."

"Okay, look at the eye chart on the wall and read line six with your right eye covered."

"A E O X P R S"

"Line seven, left eye covered."

"B C D Q R T F"

He quickly signed his name to the forms.

"Here's your certification. Take these forms to the man down the hall."

"Yes, sir."

"Peters, Gary G. Remove your towel and step up on the table."

Bill was out as fast as he went in, moving steadily on to the next area.

"Forms, please?" asked the sergeant, not looking up from his work. Bill handed him his forms.

"All right, soldier, I need to know your shirt, shoe and pant size."

"Yes, sir. Shirt 48 long, size 10 shoes, pants 34, 31."

"Okay, fine."

He walked back aimlessly to the stock room not having to look at the sizes, immediately knowing where they were.

"All right! Here you go. You'll get the rest of your equipment later. Get dressed over there and then go in and get your hair cut.

Bill dressed and walked down the hall to the barbers. He could hear the buzzing of the shears molding each head the same. The men were joking about the way they looked.

For six and a half weeks, just like everybody else, they learned to march, eat, sleep, talk, and kill.

The hardest part of all was learning how to kill a man, to run a bayonet through a man without thinking. You cannot think of who or what he is as a man, but as a machine shutting off automatically as one does another.

Three days after Bill and his platoon completed their basic training, they received their orders. They would leave the next day for the Middle East. Then the platoon would be taken by truck to the war zone.

There are different types of silences. That night after the lights went out, everyone was awake, but no one said anything. It was a dark silence that invaded the mind and would stay there until they reached their destination.

The hot desert sun beat down on the men, and the dry dusty wind burned their throats. In the far off distance, they could hear the shelling and anti-aircraft guns growing closer with each mile. When the men arrived, they filed one by one out of the truck, each moving like a remote control robot with the sergeant pushing the buttons.

"All right, men, this is it. Live or die," boomed the sergeant's gravel voice over the men. "Move it out!"

They were heading for the Ongarheesh oasis in the Bentaree Mountains approximately fifty miles away. They had to take up a position there and wait for reinforcements. The trips would take three days, and if they were lucky, they wouldn't encounter any resistance.

On the second day they reached what looked like a deserted town. Its buildings were falling in from the shelling. The men spread out searching the area. Bill walked cautiously along the edge of the building, scanning each as he went. Most were empty, but a few had broken furniture.

Bill heard a slight rustle in the next building; he crouched low, moving slowly and silently toward the door. Bill stood up by the door, listening but hearing nothing more. He took a step back from the door and kicked it in. Two big black eyes stared back at him not in fear, but in surprise. The moment froze, each equal and unrelenting. BANG! One shot; that is all it took. The bullet went through his head neat and clean.

When he saw the body of the thirteen-year-old boy, his stomach began to turn and he ran outside and started to cry. The other men heard the shots and came running to his side.

"What happened here, soldier?" growled the sergeant.

Bill couldn't say anything; the image of the boy lying dead was burning in his mind.

"Sarge, come here and look at this," called someone from the building.

"Yeah, what is it?" he said, walking towards the building.

He looked inside.

"Oh, Jeese," he said softly. "It's just a kid."

He walked back to Bill.

"All right, get to your feet, Calahan, and pull yourself together."

Bill rose slowly and faced the sergeant. Something about him had changed. There was a different look in his eyes, a distant look like he really wasn't there.

"You had no way of knowing it was a kid. You did the right thing in that situation. Now get moving; you're point now."

"Yes, sir," he snapped and slowly walked ahead. □

SEAN AULT

KELLY ZUBECK

LOST FLIGHT

The desert that Interstate 51 passed through was desolate and lonely. Occasionally a car would wander by on the highway and break the silence. On this particular day, the sun was high and scorching the already parched earth. A lost bird flew around in circles looking for a shaded place to land. It spotted a boulder near the road and soared down close to it. An 18-wheeler came barreling around the bend in the road. Aware of this monster too late, the bird hit the corner of the grill with a sickening thud. A deathly screech filled the still, dry air. The truckdriver hadn't seen the bird, and didn't realize that it had hit his truck, so he didn't stop. The little injured bird, not quite dead, remained unconscious at the side of the road. The rest of the day passed without a soul passing by.

It was mid-morning when the next car approached. As they came near the massive lump on the side of the road, they slowed. The driver saw that it was a man. He was injured. The people got out of the car and helped the stranger into the back seat. His arm was broken and he had some cuts and a bump on his forehead, but he seemed to be okay. He whispered to them, "Water."

They didn't have any water, but they did have a thermos of orange juice. They offered the man a cupful and he took it greedily. The man had no identification on him except for a name stitched on the inside of the collar of his tattered shirt, "Henry Dove." Though the man didn't know who he was, they assumed that he was Henry.

It was 75 miles to the nearest town. Their drive was long and hot. They had to stop once and change a flat tire. Henry had drunk the rest of the orange juice and was sleeping peacefully. It was about 2 o'clock when they finally reached the hospital.

When the nurses had fixed the cuts and set the broken arm, they asked Henry questions about who he was and why he had been in the desert. He couldn't answer one of them. In fact, he had almost no recollection of the world around him. One picture kept flashing through his mind, though, one of treetops.

Henry was placed in a rehabilitation program for patients with amnesia. After three months and still not having regained his memory, Henry was very frustrated and depressed. One afternoon he decided that he had had enough. He climbed the steps to the roof and announced that he was ending it all. The team of doctors and nurses tried to stop him, but he shouted, "I'll never know who I am! It's useless."

He jumped off the side of the building quickly and almost gracefully, as if he'd done it before. The doctors ran to the edge just in time to see a bird fly up over their heads, chirping a song. It almost sounded as if it were saying, "I remember, I remember!" □

LAURA AGEE

KIM BROWN

AUTUMN SPRING

This was a family of modest means. A family caught somewhere in the midst of the pompous and the pure. And this is where they found their niche in life. Many years ago, when the oak tree in the backyard was not yet a seed in the sun, the legacy had begun.

Maggie Marshal, a young girl of eighteen, journeyed from her home in Ballymore, Ireland on a pilgrimage that would clear a path right through the wheatfields of Kansas. Here, that same young girl of eighteen, sick with scarlet fever and frightened of the coming storm, had planted herself in the rich soil and blossomed into a woman. That same woman blossomed into a town.

That town, Anytown, U.S.A., was built of the Maggies of our world. The timber was their hope for the future. Every nail represented their will to survive and the chimneys were constructed with the bricks of youth, the youth that would never die.

Maggie was indeed a survivor. She was able to hold her head above the water even during the troubled times, and then, in turn, hold that same head high. But times change and people as well. The fair-skinned offspring are no longer content with a plentiful crop and successful survival. The alternatives of the day, such as the afternoon drive in the family car or catching the latest Valentino flicker at the moving picture house, had become as ordinary to their lives as fresh baked bread. The greetings that this world have to Maggie were as terrifying as the voyage of many years ago.

The wrinkles on her hands and face were rivers of time gone by. Her body had become a trellis with veins that vined the structure. Age, perhaps Maggie's worst enemy, had taken the woman captive. And the family that clung to the frail old woman was forced into a harsh realism. Maggie Marshal, the survivor, was dying.

As the sun arose from its sleepy bed, a young figure of a girl came promenading over the hill that overlooks the Marshal farm. She was wide-eyed and eager for all of life's blessings. She came this way often. In fact, she made this trip just about every day. But this October morning saw a new light in her tunnel, with steps that held the tempo of overwhelming excitement. As she threw open the door and the hinges set into motion, the news that the family had tucked away in the corners of their minds had finally arrived. Young Melissa Marshal Paige was going to have a baby.

The members of the family gathered around the giddy girl as if she were a shiny new radio echoing the news of the day. "Melissa is with child," the mother said. And the youngsters were allowed only limited questions about the miracle of birth. As the excitement died down, and when everybody got used to the new prospect for the family album, thoughts turned to the old woman upstairs, lying in her bed of pain.

The family crowded around the four-poster bed in which the Marshal matriarch lay in state. The family, especially the younger ones, could hardly control their emotions. Maggie may have been sick, but she could sense the tension around her. Before a word could be uttered from their anxious lips, Maggie turned to Melissa and whispered "Congratulations," with a faint smile.

During the next few months, every day was like Christmas. Everyone was a child again, readying themselves for the coming of spring; the birth of a new season and the birth of a new life as well. But as the blessed moment drew near, Grandma Maggie was slipping away. The winter had taken its toll. Its icy fingers stole the life from her body. Father Hennesey had been at her bedside on three occasions during those cold winter days to give her last rights. But she still held on, clinging to the life she had built so many years ago. She would not let go, although death seemed forever at her side. During this time, the family didn't know how to react, with celebration or sorrow.

At the same time, Maggie was slowly slipping away, she was like the others in many ways; old Maggie Marshal was a child again, flowing with enthusiasm. The coming birth gave life back. Many felt that it was the only thing keeping the frail little woman alive. Her health slowly faded, but no pity would be allowed in her presence. Whenever anyone asked how she was or would warn her not to strain herself, she would say, "Don't worry about me, I'm fine," and go about her business.

As preparation for the eventful day was taking place, Maggie decided not to waste the knowledge she had acquired down through the years in the art of raising a child, a gift that few others could offer. And that familiar voice still echoed, "I'm fine, do not worry about me."

The advent of spring with its fresh scent and early morning dew was as welcomed as a lost friend. The lilies along the walk had blossomed as if to greet the coming child. Soon that day had come. On Sunday, June 8, Margaret Melissa Paige was born. It was a sunny morning. Grandma Maggie said this foreshadowed a happy life, and was herself very happy. But the smile on her face was turning to dust, and the lips that dreamed of singing lullabies soon turned to a cold shrill, and just as the leaves of autumn came tumbling to the ground and green pastures yielded to the winds of December, on Tuesday, June 10, Maggie Marshal, the survivor, passed away. Two days later there was a large turnout for a solemn requiem mass. Her body was buried in the local cemetery in the family plot.

It has been many years since Maggie Marshal walked this earth. She is a mere page in a dusty history book like so many others. But as each season comes and goes, the memory of Grandma Maggie lives on. She lingers on, just as the cool breeze of an October morning passes by. She remains in the hearts of those who knew her and loved her. The memory of this frail woman will never die. She is the source of conversation for all who will lend an ear. And the memory of Maggie Marshal is the constant guide to the child who entered the world that Maggie built, born early in the spring. □

GREG ROBINSON

BIT AND BIT AGAIN

A swoosh of air from the door ruffled my dress as Jo slammed it in my face. "Gosh," I whimpered, "all I came to do was to see if you could play." But Jo couldn't hear me; she had already trotted off to go play by herself.

I stepped solemnly off the porch and headed for home, which was only next door. This was the second time this door slamming incident had happened to me today, and my anger was building up fast. As it was rising, the hurt feeling inside of me was already built up and fully constructed. As I walked in my front door, one lone tear glided down my cheek: I quickly wiped the tear from my face so that no one would see me crying.

By the next day, being the typical child that I was, my feelings were brought back to normal. I had forgotton all about my encounter with Jo and I was ready to try one more time.

The morning air was brisk like many autumn mornings in Missouri, but soon the sun would be out to warm the new day. My mom made sure I wouldn't catch cold by putting a heavy sweatshirt on me. I was getting very impatient, so when she was through with me, I darted out the door eagerly, plotting my next move.

I ran as fast as my feet could take me, pretending some sort of hideous monster was following me. I got to Jo's porch, safe from the creature and decided to ring the doorbell instead of knocking to fool Jo. She opened the door, looked at me, and slammed the door right back in my face. She didn't seem a bit surprised.

"This is it!" I thought. I knocked sharply on her door and Jo answered it immediately. She looked at me, grabbed me by the wrist with her chubbly little hand, and bit into my arm. She let go after a few seconds, leaving deep white indentations in my arm. Even though it looked like it hurt tremendously, I didn't feel a bit of pain because I was burning up inside with anger.

I mustered up all the courage I could find and then grabbed Jo's arm. "1, 2, 3," I thought. Then taking a big breath, I opened my mouth and bit down as hard as I could. I felt her skin break under my teeth. I could taste the warm blood in my mouth, but I wasn't going to let go. "Lesley Ann O'Connor!" I heard my mother shriek. Immediately, I opened my mouth, releasing Jo's mangled arm.

In less than a few seconds, my mother and I were standing eye to eye on Jo's porch. Jo was standing safely in her doorway. My mother grabbed my wrist and without saying a word, bit down into my arm in exactly the same spot Jo had. I let out a roaring howl as tears rushed down my cheeks. As I jerked away from my mother, she let go of my arm and exposed her large, sparkling, white teeth. □

LESLEY O'CONNOR

MIKE RYON

KARIN RYON

OUR FINAL MOMENT TOGETHER

Graduation is the time when one life will end and another will begin. We must go on to better the world and make something worthy of ourselves.

It is the time we will part with our friends and move on to make new ones. Someday we will look back on the time we have spent here at Raytown South and smile. It is the time for us to leave behind the teachers who have taught us so well and to teach children of our own. We will all look back on the lessons we have learned and pass them on to others. It is a time for joy and the beautiful feeling of having accomplished something, but it will also be a time for sorrow.

For although we may now feel we are ready to move on, there will be faces we miss and things we will wish we could do again. We must cherish the last few hours we will spend together instead of wishing them away, because for many of us our lives will be a long, tough haul to the top.

May our class become a group of priceless American citizens and live their lives in happiness.

KIM PENDLETON

ARTISAN

CREDIT AND THANKS TO:

ADVISORS:
Art Department
English Department

COORDINATORS:
Sally Frederick
Lynn Turner

COVER DESIGN:
Mike Ryon

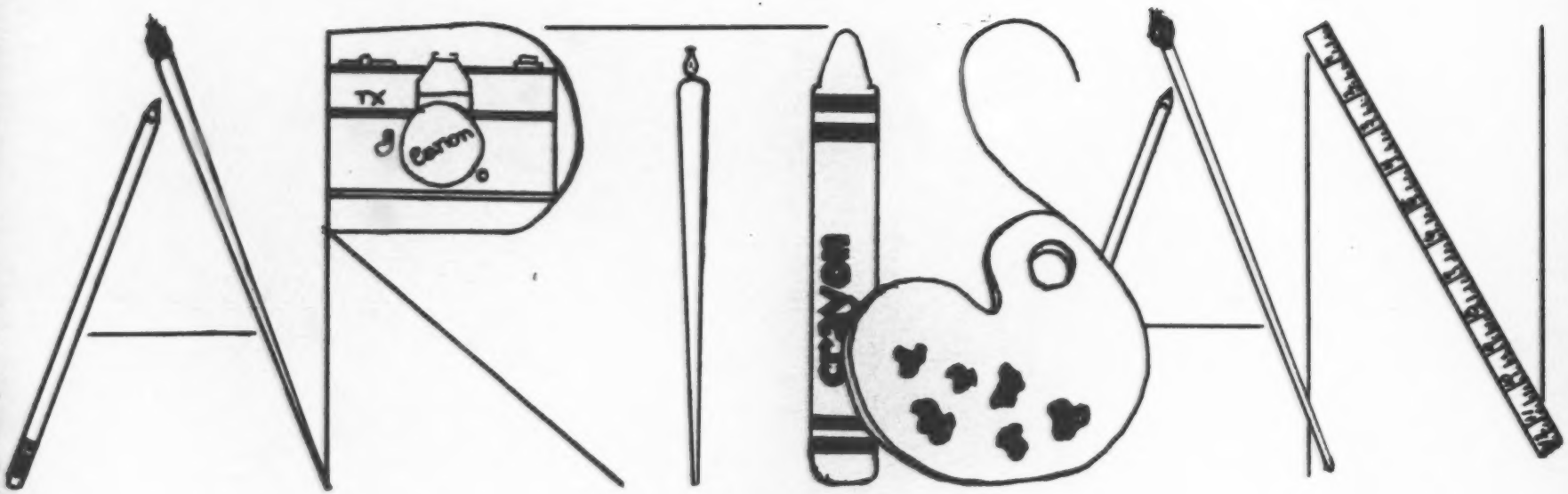
PRINTER:
The Lowell Press

TYPOGRAPHER:
Art & Typography

A SPECIAL THANKS TO:
Tramelle Chandler
M. Sean Ault
Stacy Overman
Jan Bennett

AND TO OUR STUDENT FRIENDS, HELPERS, AND CONTRIBUTORS:
Art for its own sake — our luxury and our toil. Thank you.

lbt/srf



KARIN RYON